A

Moſt pleaſant Comedie of Mucedorus the Kings ſonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kinges daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceites of *Monſe*.

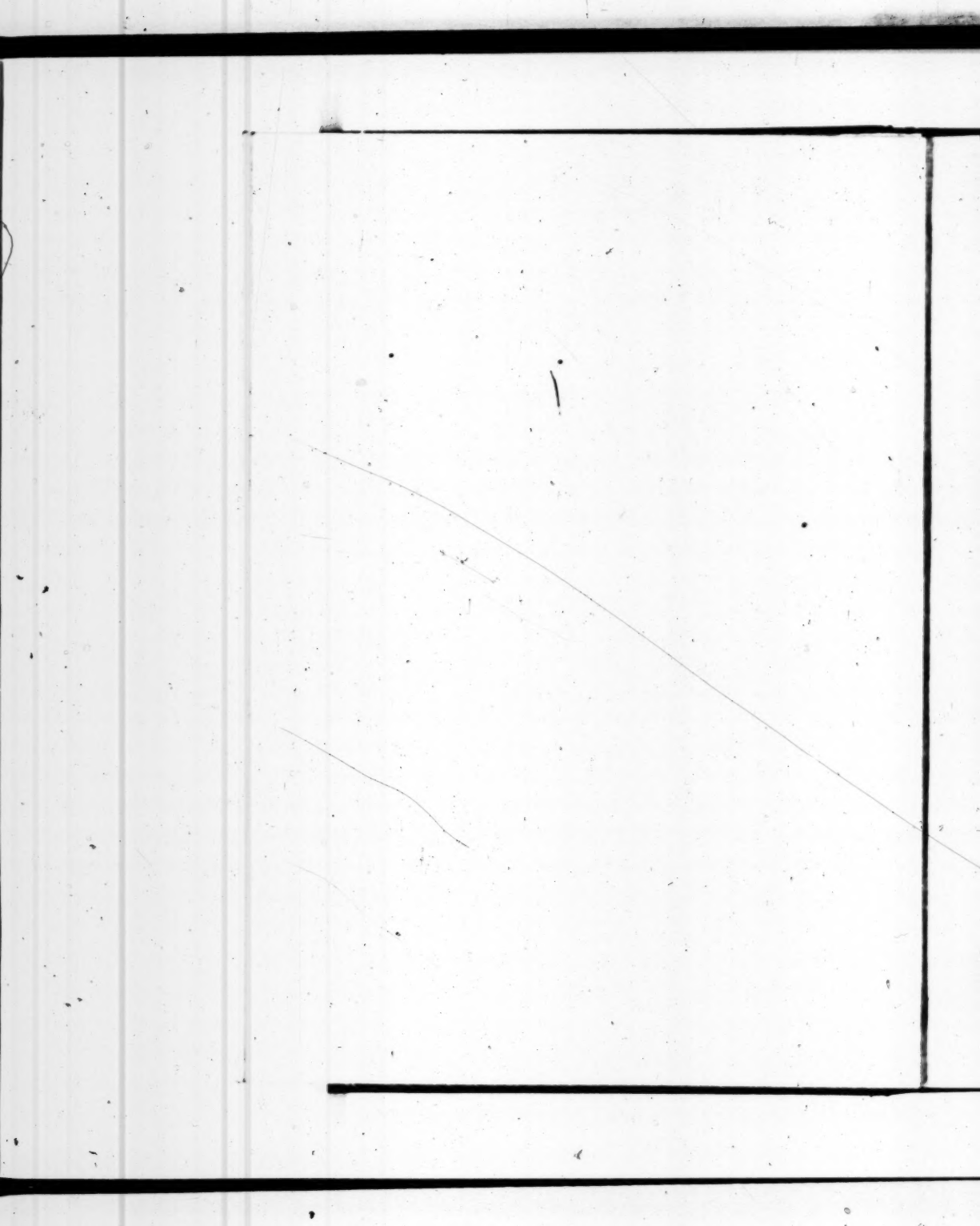
Amplified with new additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maieſtie at White-hall on Shroue-ſunday night.

By his Highnes Seruantes vſually playing at the Globe.

Very delectable, and full of conceited Mirth.

Imprinted at London for *William Iones*, dwelling neare Holborne Conduit at the ſigne of the Gunne.
1610.

Photo of HEH 62676



The Prologue.

MOſt ſacred Maieſtie, whoſe great deſertes,
Thy Subiect *England*; nay, the World admires:
Which, Heauen graunt ſtill increaſe; O may your Prayſe
Multiplying with your houres, your Fame ſtill rayſe:
Embrace your Counſell; Loue, with Fayth, them guide:
That both as one bench, by each others ſide,
So may your life paſſe on, and runne ſo euen,
That your firme zeale, plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Aogels ſhall your guardians bee
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtayn'd with Periurie:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions, to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your booſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our Paſtime, your Contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eſily play it.

The King, and Rombelo,	*for one.*
King Valencia,	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valencia,	*for one.*
Anſelmo,	*for one.*
Amadine the Kings daughter of Aragon,	*for one.*
Segaſto a Noble man,	*for one.*
Ennie, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man.	*for one.*
Comedie, a Boy, an old woman, Ariena, Amadines mayde,	*for one.*
Collin a Counſeller, a Meſſenger,	*for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	*for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedie of

Mucedorus the Kinges Sonne of *Valencia*, and
Amadine the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedie ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

VHy ſo; thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and Mirth is tollerable,
Comedie play thy part, and pleaſe:
Make merry them that comes to ioy with thee
Ioy thē good gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound foorth *Bellonas* ſiluer tuned ſtringes,
Time fittes vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuie but armes naked beſmeared with blood.

En. Nay ſtay Minion, there lies a blocke:
What, all on mirth, Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Muſicke with a tragicke end.

Com. What monſtrous vgly Hagge is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh curre, beſmeard with gorie blood,
That ſeemſt to check the bloſſom of delight,
And ſtiffe the ſound of ſweete *Bellonas* bearth.
Bluſh monſter, bluſh, and poſte away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe deeds.

En. Poſt hence thy ſelfe, thou counterchecking trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of thy wiſhed port:
Ile thunder Muſicke ſhall apale the Nymphes,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh caues.

Sound Drummes within, and cry ſtab, ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt heare a noyſe,
Shall fill the ayre with a ſhrilling ſound,

And thunder Muſicke to Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A peereleſſ Crowne vpon braue *Enuies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke *Enuie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their blood,
To ſpurne at Armes and Legges quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cryes of many thouſand ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my truſt? thi's ſport alone for me.
Co. Vaunt bloody curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a Womans minde;
Comedie is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth thinges with treble ioy to paſſe:
Thou bloody, enuious, diſdayner of mens ioyes,
Whoſe name is fraught with bloody ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou mayſt trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thou not on mee,
A ſilly Woman begges it at thy hands:
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not Death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treates nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humaine reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuite of mee.
En. Why ſo I will, forbeare ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of Blood:
This will I doe? thus ſhall I beare with thee:
And more, to vexe thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of blood begin thy Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuie and with Hate,

Com.

Com. Then vgly Monſter, doe thy worſt,
I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou think'ſt with tragicke fumes
To praue my Play vnto my deepe diſgrace,
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe:
Ile grace it ſo, thy ſelfe ſhall it confeſſe,
From Tragicke ſtuffe, to be a pleaſant Comedie.

En. Why then *Comedie*, ſend thy Actors foorth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſteppes of their trade,
Making them feare the very dart of Death.

Com. And Ile defend them maugre all thy ſpight:
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time ſhall ſerue,
That we may meete to parle for the beſt.

En. Content *Comedie*, Ile goe ſpread my branch,
And ſcattered bloſſomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall prooue two Monſters, ſpoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound. *Enter Mucedorus and Anſelmo his friend.*

Muced. *Anſelmo.* *Anſel.* My Lord and friend.

Muc. True my *Anſelmo*, both thy Lord and friend
Whoſe deare affections booſome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one orbe.

Anſ. Whence neare diſloy altie ſhall roote it foorth,
But fayth plant firmer in your choyſe reſpect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loth I am to ſay, I muſt eſtrange that friendſhip,
Miſconſture not, tis from the Realme, not thee:
Though Landes part Bodies, Heartes keepe companie;
Thou knowſt that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beautious *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell; whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies neuer ſhone ſo gay,
Excelling, not exceld; yet leaſt Report
Does mangle Veritie, boaſting of what is not,
Wing'd with Deſire; thither Ile ſtraight repaire,
And be my Fortunes as my Thoughts are, faire.

Anſ. Will you forſake *Valencia*, leaue the Court,

Abſent

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraigntie,
Do not ſweete Prince, aduenture on that taſke,
Since danger lurkes each where, be wonne from it.
Mu. Deſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brookes no batterie,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſsiſt what I intend.
Anſ. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſtie deaw vpon that Beard,
Whoſe front *Valencia* ſtoopes to.
Mu. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magicke, charme thy triuiail phraſe,
Waſted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwers; locke thy lippes,
Vnleſſe thy wiſedome ſuite me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſ. That action craues no counſell,
Since what you rightly are, will more commaund,
Then beſt vſurped ſhape.
Mu. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition,
A more obſcure ſeruile habillament
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſ. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebancke*.
Mu. Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgement,
My minde is grafted on an humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. Within my Cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though baſe the weede is, t'was a Shepheards,
Which I preſented in Lord *Iulios* Maſke.
Mu. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view,
That habite ſuites my minde; fetch me that weede.
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kinges, haue not diſdaind that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepheards coate.
So, let our reſpect commaund thy ſecrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to louers, is a ſecond hell. *Exit Mucedorus, Anſelmo*

Anſ. Proſperitie forerunne thee, Aucward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wiſhes venture:
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thriue,
And Glory thy mortalitie ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouſe with a bottle of Hay.

Mouſ. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcard out of his ſeauen Senſes? A Beare? nay ſure it cannot be a Beare; but ſome Diuell in a Beares Doublet: for a Beare could neuer haue had that agilitie, to haue frighted me: Well, Ile ſee my Father hang'd, before Ile ſerue his Horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for once, make my Fathers Horſe turne Puritane and obſerue Faſting dayes; for he gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other Path; and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye on him, I will take handes with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſtep backward.

As he goes backwards the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runnes away and leaues his bottle of Hay behind him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Amadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. Oh flie Madame, flie; or elſe we are but dead.
Am. Helpe *Segaſto*, helpe, helpe ſweete *Segaſto*; or elſe I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Seg. Alaſſe Madame, there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſaue your ſelfe.
Am. Why then I die: Ah helpe me in diſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Mu. Stay Lady ſtay, and be no more diſmayde,
That cruell Beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Which hath bereaued thouſands of their liues:
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to find his Prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death,
His Carcaſſe now lies headleſſe voyde of breath.
Am. That foule deformed Monſter, is he dead?
Mu. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head:

Which if it pleaſe you Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maieſtie.
Am. Thankes worthy Shepheard thankes a thouſand times,
This gift aſſure thy ſelfe contentes me more
Then greateſt bountie of a mightie Prince,
Although he were the monarch of the world.
Mu. Moſt gratious Goddeſſe, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right importes no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I, in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.
Am. No Goddeſſe Shepheard, but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt:
My Father heere is King of *Arragon*,
I, *Amadine* his onely daughter am:
And after him, ſole heire vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my Fathers will
To marrie me vnto *Segaſto*,
On whoſe wealth, through Fathers former vſurie,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome often times did vſe
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes:
Scarſe entred were within theſe luckleſſe Woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepe-fall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hie him faſt
To meete vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good ſhepheard, but ſuppoſe the gaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the thouſand hundred woes,
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtaind.
Mu. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes reuiue.
Am. Beleeue me Shepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Mu. Long may they laſt vnto your heartes content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segaſto cald? what is become of him?

Am.

Am. I know not I, that know the powers diuine:
But God graunt this, that ſweete *Segaſto* liue.
Mu. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leaue ſo braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoyle.
Am. Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenſed ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainely knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the Head of this moſt monſtrous Beaſt,
In open ſight, to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my Father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.
Mu. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And ſo inſuing harmes to chuſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and Caytiue-like accurſt,
At whoſe procedings Fortune euer frownes:
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhunne the worſt,
The more by proofe I find my ſelfe accurſt.
Ere-whiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone:
Foorthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her ſhiftes:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe, of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with dartes of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight, her furie doe eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

Will ſhe not ſay, yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie friend is tride in time of neede?
But I, when ſhe in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cried, *Segaſto* helpe:
I turnd my backe and quickly ranne away,
Vnworthie I to beare this vitall breath:
But what? what needs theſe plaints?
If *Amadine* do liue, then happie I,
She will in time forgiue and ſo forget:
Amadine is merciſull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbor hatred long.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne running crying Clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs Pitchforkes, Billes: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing els but beares:
Tell me ſirra where ſhe is?

Clow. O ſir ſhe is runne [illegible] the woods,
I ſaw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkeſt of wonders, to tell me of white Beares,
But ſirra didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch?

Clo. No faith, I neuer ſaw any ſuch,
But I remember my Fathers words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clo. I tell you what ſir, as I was going afielde to ſerue my fathers great Horſe, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: now do you ſee ſir, I faſt hudwinckt, that I could ſee nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſome thing: for there was two load of Thornes, beſides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me ſirra: the Beare that thou didſt ſee,
Did ſhe not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha,: I neuer ſaw Beare go a milking in all my life,
But harke you ſir: I did not looke ſo high as her arme,
I ſaw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Seg.

Seg. But tell me ſirra: Where doſt thou dwell?

Cot. Why, do you not know me?

Seg. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Cot. Why then you know no body and you know not me: I tell you ſir, I am the good-man Rats Sonne of the next Pariſh ouer the hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats ſonne: Why what's thy name?

Clo. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke ſo, but what's thy name.

Clo. My name: I haue a very prettie name: Ile tell you what my name is: my name is *Monſe*.

Seg. What plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I plaine Mouſe without either welt or gard:
But do you heare ſir, I am but a very young *Mouſe*, for my taile is ſcarſe growne out yet? looke you here elſe.

Seg. But I pray thee who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Faith ſir I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horſe, for he hath been halfe a yeare longer with my Father then I haue.

Seg. This ſeemes to be a merrie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie Man, a merrie Maiſter makes.
How ſayſt thou ſirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine: pray you, what occupation are you?

Seg. No occupation, I liue vpon my Landes.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Maiſter for me: Why do you thinke that I am ſo mad, to go ſeeke my liuing in the Lands amongſt the Stones, Bryers, and Buſhes, and teare my Holy-day apparell: not I by your leaue.

Seg. Why, I do not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and waite vpon me at the

Clo. What's that? *Seg.* Where the King lies. (Court.

Clo. What's that ſame King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man as thou art.

Clo. As I am: harke you ſir, pray you what kin is he to good-man King of our pariſh, the Churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. King of the land, I neuer ſee him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou ſhalt ſee him euery day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares? No not I: I will goe home and put on a cleane Shirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with mee, thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heer's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can do: I can keepe my Tongue from picking and ſtealing, and my Hands from lying and ſlaundering, I warrant you, as well as euer you had Man in all your life.

Seg. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts; if *Amadine* do liue, then happy I: yea happie I, if *Amadine* do liue.

Enter the King with a young Prince Priſoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Cowſellers.

King. Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in ſafety reſt:
It vs behooues to vſe ſuch clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres:
It is as greate honour to be bountifull at home,
As to be Conquerors in the field:
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and your Countries ſafegard,
We are diſpos'd in marriage for to giue
Our Daughter to Lord *Segaſto* heere,
Who ſhall ſucceede the Diademe after mee,
And raigne hereafter as I tofore haue done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Arragon*,
What ſay you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſty, we do not only allow of your Highnes pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* liue,
He will at full requite your curteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catalone*, a Prince
Lately our Priſoner taken in the Warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ranſome ſhall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leaſure ſhall affoord:
Meane while do vſe him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thankes to your Maieſty, his vſage ſhall be ſuch
As he thereat ſhall thinke no cauſe to grutch. *Exeunt.*
King. Then march we on to Court, & reſt our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in ſecret kept for thee,
When thou ſhalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then, ſome waighty matter is at hand,
That highly ſhall concerne our State:
Then *Collin*, looke thou be not farre from me:
And for the ſeruice thou toſore haſt done,
Thy truth, and valour proou'd in euery point,
I ſhall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the Court.
Col. What ſo my Soueraigne doth commaund me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto and the Clowne with Weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me ſirra, How do you like your Weapons?
Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my ſides warme.
Seg. They keep the dogs frō your ſhins very wel, do they not
Clo. How? keep the dogs from my ſhins, I would ſcorne but my ſhins could keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. Well ſirra, leauing idle talke, tell mee,
Doeſt thou know Captaine *Tremelius* Chamber?
Clo. I very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke ſo, for ſo hath euery Chamber:
But doeſt thou know the man?
Clo. I forſooth, he hath a noſe on his face.
Seg. Why ſo hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.
Seg. But doſt thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King euen now, that brought the young Prince Priſoner?
Clo. O very well.
Seg. Goe vnto him, and bid him come vnto mee:
Tell him I haue a matter in ſecret to impart to him.
Clo. I will Maiſter. Maiſter whats his name?

Seg.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clo. O the Mealeman; I know him very well, He bringes Meale euery Saterday: But harke you Maiſter; Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Seg. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clo. Harke you Maiſter; how if he be not at home, What ſhall I doe then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clo. O Maiſter, if there be no body within, I will leaue word with his Dogge.

Seg. Why, can his Dogge ſpeake?

Clo. I cannot tell; wherfore doth he keepe his Chamber elſe?

Seg. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay by Lady; then goe your ſelfe.

Seg. You will goe ſir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marie will I: O tis come to my head: And a bee not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you.

Seg. What, wilt thou plucke downe the Kinges Houſe?

Clo. Nay by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt. Maiſter, it is ſuch a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe: I pray you tell me his name?

Seg. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clo. Oh Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt thou call me?

Clo. You muſt come to my Maiſter, Captaine Treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto*, did you ſend for me?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*: Sirra, about your buſineſſe.

Clo. I mary, Whats that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marie then I can; ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get mee a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a lacke of Beere; and there, for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe: and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maiſter. *Exit.*

Seg. Well ſir, away.

Tremelio, this it is; thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And ſuch as haue found triumph and fauours:
Neuer daunted at any time: But now a Shepheard,
Admired at in Court for Worthineſſe,
And *Segaſtos* honour layd aſide:
My will therefore is this, that thou doeſt finde ſome meanes to worke the Shepheards death: I know thy ſtrength ſufficient to performe my deſire, and thy loue no otherwiſe then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accompliſh'd what I take in hand.

Seg. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelfe,
What I promiſe that I will performe.

Tre. Thankes good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth, ſtand by a while,
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intended drift:
Haue at thee Swaine if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Mu. Vilde coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man,
Turne coward turne, now ſtrike and do thy worſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, ſpare him kill him not,
Accurſed villaine, tell me, What haſt thou done?
Ah *Tremelio* truſtie *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou liuing didſt prooue faithfull to
Segaſto, ſo *Segaſto* now liuing will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Bloud thirſtie villaine, borne and bred in mercileſſe murther,
Tell me, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to lay thy handes vpon the leaſt of mine?
Aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt be vſde according to the law.

Mu. *Segaſto* ceaſe, theſe threates are needeleſſe,
Accuſe me not of murther, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard reaſon not with me,
Ile manifeſt thy fact vnto the King:
Whoſe doome will be thy death as thou deſeru'ſt,
What hoe; *Mouſe*, come away.

Enter Mouſe.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Sig. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clo. Why is he drunke? cannot he ſtand on his feete?

Sig. No, he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clo. Slaine? no by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Sig. Hee's kild I tell thee.

Clo. What do you vſe to kill your friends? I wil ſerue you no longer.

Sig. I tell thee, the Shepheard kild him.

Clo. O did a ſo: but Maiſter, I will haue all his apparrell if I carry him away *Sig.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clo. Come then, I will helpe: mas Maiſter I thinke his Mother ſung Looby to him, he is ſo heauie. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, neuer at one.
Sometimes we feede on fancies with the ſweete of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heate of extreame miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey;
To morrow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes,
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bre. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall.
What not one? then ly thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo*, ſith thy leaſure ſo affoords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremos* ſtrength:
Who like a King commander within theſe woods,
The Beare, the Boare, dares not abide my ſight,
But haſte away to ſaue themſelues by flight:
The chriſtall waters in the bubling Brookes,
When I come by, doth ſwiftly ſlide away.
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:
The aged Oakes at *Bremos* breath doth bowe,
And all thinges elſe are ſtill at my commaund.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes heere, with whom I dare not fight;
Who fights with me and doth not dy the death? not one,
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdie ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe Woodes are combatants with mee?
Why Death, and nothing elſe but preſent death,
With reſtleſſe Rage, I wander through theſe Woods:
No creature heere, but feareth *Bremos* force,
Man, Woman, Child, Beaſt and Bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my ſight,
Are forct to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoyles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be:
But when it fals that I encounter any,
One patte ſuffizeth for to worke my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue, when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepheard, and the Clowne, with others.

King. Shepheard, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is layd to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.

Mu. Dread Soueraigne, I muſt needes confeſſe,
I ſlue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chaunce:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Seg. Wordes will not heere preuaile,
I ſeeke for Iuſtice; and Iuſtice craues his death.

Kin. Shepheard, thine owne confeſsiō hath condemned thee.
Sirra, take him away, and do him to execution ſtraight.

Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare maiſter King; he is kinne to a Monkie,
His Necke is bigger then his Head.

Seg. Come ſirra, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forſooth I warrant you: Come on ſirra:
A, ſo like a Sheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy, with a Beares head.

Am. Dread Soueraigne and wellbeloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preſerued the life of thy ſometime diſtreſſed
Daughter

King. Preſeru'd the life of my ſometime diſtreſſed daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou waſt diſtreſt: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy eſtate,
As beſt beſeem'd the daughter of a King:
I neuer ſaw the Shepheard vntill now;
How comes it then, that he preſeru'd thy life?

Am. Once walking with *Segaſto* in the Woods,
Further then our accuſtomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a ſteepe-fall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hie him faſt
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credite of *Segaſto*.

Seg. Moſt true, an't like your Maieſtie. *King.* How then?

Am. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow vs both at once:
The ſight whereof did make vs both to dread a
But ſpecially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I ſaw no ſuccour incident,
But in *Segaſtos* valour, I grew deſperate:
And he moſt coward-like began to flie,
Leſt me diſtreſt to be deuour'd of him:
How ſay you *Segaſto*, is it not true?

King. His ſilence verifies it to be true: What then?

Am. Then I amazde, diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that vgly Beare:
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes:
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head. (Maieſty.
Come hither Boy, Loe heere it is, which I preſent vnto your

King. The ſlaughter of this Beare deſerues greate fame.

Seg.

Seg. The slaughter of a man, deserues great blame:
King. Indeed occasion often times so fals out.
Seg. *Tremelio* in the Warres (O King) preserued thee.
Am. The Shepheard in the Woods (O King) preserued mee.
Seg. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.
Am. So would the Shepheard, had he beene in field.
Clo. So would my Maister had he not runne away.
Seg. *Themelios* force saued thousands from the foe.
Am. The Shepheards force hath saued thousands moe.
Clo. A ye shipsticks, nothing else.
King. *Segasto*, cease to accuse the Shepheard,
His worthinesse deserues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good:
Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shoulst die,
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.
Seg. Thanks to your Maiestie.
King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence:
Long mayst thou liue, and when the Sisters shall decree,
To cut in twaine the twisted thread of life,
Then let him die; for this, I set him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Mu. Thanks to your Maiestie.
King. Come daughter, let vs now depart to honor the worthy valour of the Shepheard with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clo. O Maister heare you; you haue made a fresh hand now,
You would beslow you: What will you do now?
You haue lost me a good occupation by the meanes:
Faith Maister, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take the paines to hang you:
It is but half an howers exercise.
Seg. You are still in your knauery:
But sith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his banishment for euer: Come on sirra.
Clo. Yes forsooth, I come: laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. From *Amadine* and from her Fathers Court,
With Gold and Siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of Golden treasures:

More may I boaſt and ſay; but I
Was neuer Shepheard in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile, worthy Shepheard.

Clo. All raine, lowſie Shepheard.

Mun. Welcome my friendes: from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greete thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court:
Shepheard be gone.

Clo. Shepheard take law-legs; flie away Shepheard.

Mu. Whoſe wordes are theſe; came theſe from *Amadine*?

Miſ. Aie from *Amadine*. *Clo.* Aie from *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah luckleſſe fortune, worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe, is now become my bale.

Clo. What, wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Mu. My former Heauen, is now become my Hell.

Clo. The worſt Ale-houſe that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. What ſhall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hange thy ſelfe halfe an houre.

Mu. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly commaund
To baniſh the Shepheard from her fathers Court?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepheards doe in the Court?

Clo. What ſhould Shepheards doe amongſt vs?
Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. Why Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepheards are men, and maiſters ouer their flocke.

Clo. That's a lie; who payes them their wages then?

Meſ. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:
But you were beſt to looke to him, leaſt you hang for him,
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſinges.

Clo. And you ſhall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone:
Shepheard ſtand foorth, and heare my ſentence.
Shepheard be gone within three dayes, in paine of my diſpleaſure: Shepheard be gone, Shepheard begon, begon, begon, begon Shepheard, Shepheard Shepheard. *Exit.*

Mun. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needes depart?

Ye

Ye goodly groues partakers of my songs,
In time tofore when Fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortleſſe.
Yee holſome hearbes, and ſweete ſmelling ſauours,
Yea each thing elſe prolonging life of man.
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull ſort may die.

Enter Amadine, and Ariana her maid.

Am. *Ariana*, if any body aske for mee,
Make ſome excuſe, till I returne,

Ari. What and *Segaſto* call? *Exit.*

Am. Do thou the like to him, I meane not to ſtay long.

Mu. This voyce ſo ſweete my pining ſpirits reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou doeſt.

Mu. I linger life, yet wiſh for ſpeedy death.

Am. Shepheard although thy baniſhment already
Be decreed and all againſt my will, yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of baniſhment, is death;
I, double death to me: but ſince I muſt depart, one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in abſence, either farre or neere,
You honour me as Seruant with your name.

Am. Not ſo. *Mu.* And why?

Am. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne, nothing like.

Am Yet like enough, where there is no diſlike.

Mu. Yet great diſlike, or elſe no baniſhment.

Am. Shepheard, it is only *Segaſto* that procures thy baniſh-
Mu. Vnworthy wights are more in iealoſie. (ment

Am. Would God they Would free thee from baniſhment, or
likewiſe baniſh me.

Mu. Amen ſay I, to haue your company.

Am. Well Shepheard ſith thou ſuffreſt this for my ſake,
With thee in exile alſo let me liue.
On this condition Shepheard, thou canſt loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Am.

Am. Of late I loued one indeed; now loue I none but onely (thee,
Mu. Thanks worthy Princelle. I burne likewise,
Yet smother vp the blast:
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Am. Well Shepheard, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessaries
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee,
Do then therefore appoint the place
Where wee may meete.
Mu. Downe in the valley, where I slue the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,
That ouershades a Well: So who comes first,
Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both:
How like you this? *Am.* I like it very well.
Mu. Now if you please you may appoint the time.
Am. Full three howers hence, God willing, I will returne.
Mu. The thankes that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
the like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Am. Then *Mucedorus* for three howers farewell. *Exit.*
Mu. Your departure Lady breeds a priuie paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will,
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclipse thy credite famous through the Court?
No, plie *Segasto* plie, let it not in *Aragon* be sayd,
A Shepheard hath *Segastos* honour wonne.

Enter Mouse the Clowne, calling his Maister.

Clo. What, hoe Maister, will you come away?
Seg. Will you come hither I pray you: whats the matter?
Clo. Why is it not past eleuen a clocke? *Seg.* How then sir?
Clo. I pray you come away to dinner.
Seg. I pray you come hither.
Clo. Here's such adoe with you, will you neuer come?
Seg. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you about.
Clo. I tell you all the Messe be on the Table already,

There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard, halfe an houre
Seg. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.
Clo. Faith I know nothing; but you bad me go to breakfaſt.
Seg. Was that all?
Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it; the very ſcent of the Meate made me, hath forgot it quite.
Seg. You haue forgotten the arrand I bid you doe.
Clo. What arrant? an arrant Knaue, or an arrant Whore?
Seg. Why thou Knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the Shep-
Clo. O the Shepheards baſtard. (heard?
Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheards baniſhment.
Clo. I tell you the Shepheards Baſtard ſhall be well kept; Ile looke to it my ſelfe: but I pray you, come away to dinner.
Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?
Clo. Why I cannot ſay, Baniſhment, and you would giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.
Seg. Why you hourſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you, and another, to driue away the Shepheard?
Clo. What an Aſſe are you: heer's a ſturre in deed; Heer's meſſage, arrant, baniſhment and I cannot tell what?
Seg. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?
Clo. Faith I thinke I haue: and you will not beleeue me, aske my Staffe.
Seg. Why, can thy Staffe tell?
Clo. Why, he was with me too.
Seg. Then happie I, that haue obtaind my will.
Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.
Seg. Come ſirra, follow me.
Clo. I warrant you I will not looſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you, I thought ſeauen yeare before I could get him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amadine ſolus.

Am. God graunt my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying fruſtrate my pretence:
My [illegible] ſurely ſtayes for mee,

And thinkes me ouer-long, at length I come,
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned loue,
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My Father he may make, but I must match:
Segusto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best; compulsion is a thrall:
No, no, the heartie choyce, is all in all.
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what? me thinkes my Shepheard is not come:
I muse at that, the hower is at hand:
Well, here Ile rest till *Macedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happy prey; now *Bremo* feed on flesh:
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungry panch to fill,
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.
Am. How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?
Bre. What, canst not fight? then lie thee downe and die.
Am. What, must I die?
Bre. What neede these words, I thirst to sucke thy bloude?
Am. Yet pittie me, and let me liue a while.
Bre. No pittie I, Ile feede vpon thy flesh,
Ile teare thy body peece-meale ioynt from ioynt.
Am. Ah how I want my Shepheards company.
Bre. Ile crush thy bones betwixt two Oken trees.
Am. Haste Shepheard haste, or els thou com'st too late.
Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnes from thy Marrow-bones.
Am. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse bloud.
Bre. With this my Bat, will I beate out thy braines;
Downe downe I say, prostrat thy selfe vpon the ground.
Am. Then *Macedorus*, farewell; my hoped ioyes, farewell:
Yea, farewell life, and welcome present death, *She kneeles.*
To thee O God, I yeeld my dying Ghost:
Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part.
How now, What sudden chaunce is this?
My Limmes doe tremble, and my Sinowes shake:

My

My vnweakned Armes hath loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foyle haſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid,
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage fayles, when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breaſt;
Shall I ſpare her *Bremo*? Spare her, do not kill,
Saith ſpare her, which neuer ſpared any.
To it *Bremo*, to it: ſay againe;
I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand:
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one,
I thinke her Beautie hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me, altered Natures courſe.
Aie Woman! wilt thou liue in Woods with me?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in Woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe, for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoyntes,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many thinges may hinder his intent:
VVhat one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th appoynted time can not be paſt;
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well, heere Ile ſtay, and expect her comming.

They cry within, Hold him, hold him.

Mu. Some one or other is purſued no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me; tis good to doubt the worſt,
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a ſtirre indeed: here came hew after the crier; & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe,

and there I cald for three pots of ale, as tis the maner of vs Courtiers. now ſirra I had taken the maiden-head of two of them: Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on; but I am ſure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: well Ile ſee: Maſſe I cannot ſee him yet: Well, Ile looke a little further: Maſſe he is a little ſlaue if a be here: why heer's no body: all this goes well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot, I marie there's the matter. But I care not, Ile face her out, and cal her old ruſtie, duſtie, muſtie, fuſtie, cruſtie Fierbrand and worſe then all that, and ſo face her out of her pot, but ſoft, heere ſhe comes.

Enter the old Woman

Old W. Come you knaue, where's my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my pot.

Clo. You lie and you ſay it: I your pot? I know what Ile ſay. Why, what wilt thou ſay?

Clo. But ſay I haue him, and thou dar'ſt.

Old. Why thou knaue, thou haſt not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpayd for.

Clo. You lie like an old: I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doeſt thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo Cap me and thou dareſt:
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and caſteth downe the Pot, ſhe ſtombleth at it: then they fall together by the eares: ſhe takes vp her Pot, and goes out.

Enter Seg. ſir.

Seg. How now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clo. Oh Flies Maſter, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. Oh, heere Maiſter all about your face.

Seg. Why thou lieſt I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why Maiſter I haue killed a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Seg. Go too ſirra, leauing this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my cares?

Not

Not and you were ten Maisters.

Seg. Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you, I will not be made a Curtall for no mans pleasure.

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say:

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole Towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your selfe, it is more then I can doe: Why do you thinke I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head: I should reare a Towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable, and make a Priuie search,
For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepheard?

Seg. I cannot tell; but they are both gone togeather.

Clo. What a foole is she, to runne away with the Shepheard? Why, I thinke I am a litle handsomer Man then the Shepheard, my selfe: But tell me Maister; must I make a Priuie search, or search in the Priuie?

Seg. Why, doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then, search euery where,
Leaue no place vnsearcht for them. *Exit.*

Clo. Oh, now am I in an Office: now will I to that old firebrands house, and will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke as long as I can stand: and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell: and if I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord; Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched: y'fayth ye old crust, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Bracchus, with others.

King V. Enough of Musicke, it but ads to torment;
Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates
Set to a sickly man; which rather cloy, then comfort:
Let me entreate you, to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there. *Let the musicke*

King V. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are embers turn'd, *Cease*

Which ſudden gleame, with moleſtation,
But ſooner looſe their ſight-fort;
Tis Gold beſtowd vpon a Ryotor,
Which not relieues, but murders him:
Tis a Drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle actes of Time?
No, no; till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.
Anſ. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.
K.V. I pre-thee, ſpeake that thriſe.
Anſ. The Prince your Sonne, is ſafe.
K.V. Oh where *Anſelmo* ſurfet me with that.
Anſ. In *Aragon* my Liege; and at his parture,
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affectious loue, not to diſcloſe it:
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab, what my breaſt vow'd concealment.
K.V. Thou not deceiu'ſt me; I euer thought thee
What I find thee now, an vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humour
Nurſt within the braine,
Drew him ſo priuatly to *Aragon*?
Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare and doubtfull ielouſie,
Whether report guilded a worthleſſe truncke,
Or *Amadine* deſerued her high extolment.
K.V. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs followers, of the comlieſt hue,
For our chiefe guardions, we will thither wend:
The chriſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thriſe wincke,
Nor the greene Flood, ſixe times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
My ſicke ſpeake loudly, now the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſure wrapt. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus*, whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy Father, to thy native ſoyle;
Or trie ſome long abode within theſe Woodes:
Well I will hence depart and hie me home.
What, hie me home ſaid I? that may not be,
In *Amadine* reſtes my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus*, doe as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee Hermit-like within theſe Groues;
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make Settles there, and ſeat thy ſelfe thereon,
And when thou feeleſt thy ſelfe to be athirſt,
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee, at this Well.
Come Habite, thou art fit for me, *He diſguiſeth himſelfe.*
No Shepheard now, a Hermite muſt I be:
Mee thinkes this fittes me very well;
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking Staffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods, and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a ſtray Kings Daughter:
But ſoft, who haue we heere? what art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch a bigge Emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tell you ſir, I am an Hermite, one that leades a ſolitary life within theſe Woods.

Clo. O, I know thee now; thou art her that eates vp all the Hips and Hawes: wee could not haue one peece of fatte Bacon for thee a l this yeare.

Mu. Thou doeſt miſtake me: But I pray thee tell me, who doſt thou ſeeke in theſe Woods?

Clo. What doe I ſeeke? for a ſtray Kinges Daughter,
Runne away with a Shepheard.

Mu. A ſtray Kinges Daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
Wherefore, canſt thou tell?

Clo.

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this; my Maiſter & *Amadine*, walking one day abroad, neerer to theſe Woodes then they were vſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes ruining a great Beare: now my Maiſter he plaide the man, and ran away; and *Amadine*, crying after him: now ſir, comes mee a Shepheard and hee ſtrikes off the Beares Head: now whether the Beare were dead before or no, I cannot tell; for bring twentie Beares before me, and bind their hands and feete, and Ile kill them all. Now euer ſince *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the Shepheard, and for good-will ſhee's euen run away with the Shepheard.

Mu. What maner of man was he, canſt deſcribe him vnto me?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow bigge, wel-fauoured fellow: a Ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Mu. Thou deſcribeſt him well: but if I chaunce to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I find you, or what's your name?

Clo. My name is called, Maiſter *Mouſe*.

Mu. Oh Maiſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Mary ſir I am a Ruſher of the Stable.

Mu. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and I prooue mine Office good: for looke ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or ſo, & a Dogge chaunce to blow his noſe backward, then with a whippe I giue him the good time of the day & ſtrow Ruſhes preſently; therefore I am a Ruſher: a high Office I promiſe yee.

Mu. But where ſhall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is beſt beeing, either in the Kitchin a eating, or in the Butterie drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe & Brewes knuckle deepe in fatte: pray you take paines; remember maiſter *Mouſe*. *Exit.*

Mu. Ay ſir, I warrant, I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine!* What ſhould become of thee?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
With Watch and Ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe ſhe hath loſt her ſelfe within theſe Woods,
And wandring too and fro, ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which

Which yet she can not find; therfore will I seeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo*, and his Woods?

Ama. As like the Woods, of *Bremos* crueltie:
Though I were dumbe, and could not answere him,
The Beastes themselues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.

Bre. My Loue, why dost thou murmure to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuing thee leaue to liue, that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kisse me (sweete) for all my fauours past.

Am. I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how she flinges away from me;
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Denie my Loue, a worme of Beautie:
I will chastice thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the Blocke.

Am. O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion, or the Beare,
And like a Woolfe, prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Queene,
I will crowne thee with a Coronet made of Iuorie,
And make the Rose and Lilie waite on thee:
Ile rend the burly Branches from the Oxe,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees shall spread themselues where thou dost goe,
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Am. You may; for who but you

Bre. Thou shalt be feddde with Quailes and Partriges,
With Black-birds Larkes, Thrushes, and Nightingales:
Thy drinke shall be Goates milke and christall Water,
Distilled from the Mountaines, and the clearest Springes:

And all the dainties that the Woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Am. You may, for who but you.
Bre. The day Ile ſpend, to recreate my Loue
With all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe:
And in the night, Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly imbrace thee in mine armes.
Am. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs & the Wood-nimphes ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee aſleepe with Muſicks ſound:
And in the morning when thou doeſt awake,
The Larke ſhall ſing, good-morrow to my Queene:
And whileſt he ſinges, Ile kiſſe mine *Amarine*.
Am. You may, for who but you.
Bre. When thou art vp, the Wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrowed
With Violets, Cowſlips, and ſweete Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deare,
To chaſe the Hart, and how to rouſe the Roe,
If thou wilt lieue to loue and honour me.
Am. You may, for who but you.

Enter Mucurius.

Bre. Welcome ſir, an houre agoe I lookt for ſuch a gueſt:
Be merrie Wench, weele haue a frolicke Feaſt;
Heer's fleſh enough for to ſuffice vs both:
Say ſirra, wilt thou fight, or doeſt thou meane to die?
Mu. I want a Weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wants a Weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die.
Mu. I ſay not ſo; I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chuſe, I long to ſee thee dead.
Am. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him.
Bre. Away I ſay, I will not ſpare him.
Mu. Yet giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeake.
Am. Yet giue him leaue to ſpeake, for my ſake.
Bre. Speake on; but be not ouer-long.
Mu. In time of yore, when men like brutiſh Beaſtes,
Did lead their liues in loathſome Celles and Woods,

And

And wholly gaue themſelues to witleſſe Will;
A rude vnruly route: then, man to man became,
A preſent prey, then Might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to Walles:
Right was vnknowne, for Wrong was all in all:
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold one *Orpheus* came, as Poets tell,
And them from Rudeneſſe vnto Reaſon brought:
Who lead by Reaſon, ſome forſooke the Woods,
In ſtead of Caues, they built them Caſtles ſtrong;
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end, they grew to perfect amitie,
Waying their former wickednesſe:
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A Golden age, a goodly Golden age.
Now *Bremo*, (for ſo I heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doeſt now,
Wilde in Wood, addicted all to ſpoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me like *Orpheus*, cauſe thee to returne
From Murther, Bloodſhed, and like crueltie:
What ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets liue, and loue togeather faythfully.
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Am. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Am. You promiſed me to make me your Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. Then ſaue this Hermites life, for he may ſaue vs both.

Bre. At thy requeſt Ile ſpare him; but neuer any, after him.
Say Hermite, what canſt thou doe?

Her. Ile waite on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene:
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſt, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come ſirs, what ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. And I haue bene through the Woods, and through the Woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Ru. why I ſee a thouſand Emmets: thou meanſt a little one.

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw, was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I; what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maiſter turne him away.

Seg. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. Thinke he was, for he ſayd he did lead a Saltſellers life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldeſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the woods.

Clo. I thinke it was ſo indeed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou are a wiſe man: Why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouſe*, How did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white Hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo; it was an Hermite that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue ſeeking, till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we do now?

Ru. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleepe.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall neuer finde them:
Well, Ile once more abroad; and If I cannot find them,
Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one ende of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meete both together in the midſt.

Ru. Content, let's away to dinner. *Exeunt*

Enter Macedorus ſolus.

Ma. Vnknowne to any heere within theſe Woods,
With bloudy *Breme* do I leade my life:
The Monſter he, doth murder all he meetes,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I
In ſuch a cruell cutthroats companie?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe,
A ſilly ſoule, how often times ſhe ſits
And ſighes, and cals, come Shepheard come:
Sweete *Mucedorus* come and ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by.
But heere ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady,
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Am. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Mu. How do you like your *Breme*, and his woods?

Am. Not my *Breme*, nor his *Breme* woods.

Mu. And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

Am. I like not him; his loue to me is nothing worth.

Mu. Lady, in this, me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man, that euer loues you beſt.

Am. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his loue:
Neither doth *Breme* like me beſt.

Mu. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady; ſith we both
May ſafely talke now, out of *Bremes* ſight:
Vnfold to me, ſo if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe
How, when, and why, you came into theſe Woods,
And fell into this bloody Butchers hands.

Am. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) ſure a man vnfit to match with you?

Am. Hermite, this is true: and when we had.

Mu. Stay there, the Wild-man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Breme.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? What whipring haue we heere?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Mu. If needes I muſt, loe heere it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both; but ſpecially thy Queene:
Who in thy abſence, euer feares the worſt,
Leaſt ſome miſchaunce befall your royall Grace.

Shall my ſweete *Breno* wander through the Woods,
Toyle too and fro, for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life, and all to chearish me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And therevpon crau'd to know of me
If I could teach her handle Weapons well.
My anſwere was, I had ſmall skill therein,
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo, none can diſlike of this;
Ile teach you both to fight: but firſt, my Queene begin,
Heere, take this Weapon, ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Am. This is too bigge, I can not weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Iſt ſo? weele haue a knottie Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt thou?

Mu. With all my heart, I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my Staffe, and ſee how thou canſt weeld it.

Mu. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou hold'ſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Mu. Next tell me how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. Tis beſt to ſtrike, when time doth ſerue;
Tis beſt to looſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer, is my time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hit the Head.

Mu. The Head?

Bre. The very Head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die; a death no doubt, according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſeru'ſt a worſe.

Am. It glads my heart, this Tyrants death to ſee.

Mu. Now Lady, it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſayd, you loued a Shepheard.

Am. I ſo I doe, and none but onely him;
And will doe ſtill, as long as life ſhall laſt.

Mu. But tell me Lady, ſith I ſet you free,

What courſe of life doe you intend to take?

Am. I will diſguiſed wander through the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Mu. How if you find your Shepheard in theſe Woods?

Am. Ah! none ſo happy then as *Amadine*.

He diſguiſeth himſelfe.

Mu. In tract of time, a man may alter much:
Say Lady, Doe you know your Shepheard well?

Am. My *Mucedorus*: hath he ſet me free?

Mu. He hath ſet thee free.

Am. And liued ſo long vnknowne to *Amadine*.

Mu Ay that's a queſtion whereof you may not be reſolued.
You know that I am banniſht from the Court?
I know likewiſe each paſſage is beſet,
So that we cannot long eſcape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this that we returne:
Right through the thickets to the Wild-mans Caue,
And there a while liue on his prouiſion,
Vntill the ſearch and narrow Watch be paſt:
This is my counſell, and I thinke it beſt.

Am. I thinke the very ſame.

Muc. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne ſearcheth, and falles ouer the wild-man, and ſo carries him away.

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir; are you heere? a bots on you,
I was like to be hanged for not finding you:
We would borrow a certaine ſtray Kings daughter of you:
A Wench, a Wench ſir, we would haue.

Muc. A Wench of mee? Ile make thee eate my ſword.

Clo. Oh Lord; nay & you are ſo luſty, I'ln call a cooling card for you: Ho Maiſter, Maiſter, I, come away quickly. *Enter Seg.*

Seg. What's the matter?

Clo. Looke Maiſter: *Amadine* & the *Shepheard*, ô braue.

Seg. What Minion, haue I found you out?

Clo Nay that's a lie, I found her out my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huſwife, What cauſe hadſt thou to gadde abroad,

When

When as thou knoweſt our Wedding day ſo nie?
Am. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your Aſſurance, then Ile anſwere you.
Seg. Thy Fathers Promiſe, my aſſurance is.
Am. But what he promiſt, he hath not performde.
Seg. It reſtes in thee for to performe the ſame.
Am. Not I.
Seg. And why?
Am. So is my will; and therefore euen ſo.
Clo. Maiſter, with a none, none, no.
Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?
Mu. What needes theſe wordes? we waigh them not.
Seg. We waigh them not, proud Shepheard, I ſcorne thy com-
Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie. (panie.
Mu. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie; a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Seg. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine*, contentes me not.
Am. Then ſeeke another, that may you better pleaſe.
Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onely reſtes in thee,
(Without delay) to make thy choyce of three:
There ſtandes *Segaſto*, heere a Shepheard ſtandes,
There ſtandes the third: now make thy choyce.
Clo. A Lord (at the leaſt) I am.
Am. My choyce is made; for I will none but thee.
Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for ſuch a Wife.
Mu. And *Amadine*; why, wilt thou none but mee?
I can not keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Landes for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my Wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure;
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dayly victuall for to winne:
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all;
No Princeſſe then, but plaine a Shepheards wife.
Clo. Then God gee-you good morrow goodly Shepheard.
Am. It ſhall not need; if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of Aragon.

Clo.

Clo. Oh Maſter laugh: when hee's King, [illegible] be a Queene.

Mu. Then know that, which nere tofore was knowne;
I am no Shepheard, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my Father's of *Valencia* King,
My Mother Queene: who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taſke in hand.

Am. Ah how I ioy, my fortune is ſo good.

Seg. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed:
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee heere within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart, ſurrender her to thee;

He gives her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clo. What Barnes doore, and borne where my Father was
Conſtable; a bots on thee: how doſt thee?

Mu. Thankes *Segaſto*: but yet you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maiſter, beare this, and beare all.

Seg. Why ſo ſir?

Clo. He ſees you take a Gooſe by the crowne.

Seg. Goe to ſir, away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clo. I goe Maiſter, I runne Maiſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart, and end my pallade woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life:
How can I ioy, except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breedes ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare thoſe paſsions, gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee t'will turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe aſſure me that,
And nought but death, vnleſſe of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

A noyse cry within, Ioy and Happinesse.

Col. I heare a noyse of ouer-passing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort:
And heere comes one in haste.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now sirra, what's the matter?

Clo. O tis newes for a King; tis worth money.

Kin. Why sirra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold, if it be good.

Clo. O tis good, tis good: *Amazon.*

Kin. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a Knight.

Clo. How, a Spright? no by Lady, I will not be a Spright:
Maisters get you away, if I be a spright, I shall be so leane,
I shall make you all afrayde.

Col. Thou sot, the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clo. Why, I shall want Parrell.

Kin. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then stand away; strike vp thy selfe: heere they come.

Enter Segasto, Macedorus, and Amazine.

Am. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall Daughter.

Kin. What, doe mine eyes behold my Daughter *Amazine?*
Rise vp deare Daughter, and let these my imbracing Armes
Shew some token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer since thy departure, hath languished in sorrow.

Am. Deare Father, neuer were your sorrowes
Greater then my griefes:
Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:
Yet neuertheless, acknowledging my selfe
To be the cause of both; on bended knees,
I humbly craue your Pardon.

Kin. Ile pardon thee deare Daughter: but as for him.

Am. Ay Father, what of him?

Kin. As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

Mac. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew (fauour.

Kin. I, such fauour as thou deseruest.

Mac. I doe deserue the Daughter of a King.

Kin. Oh impudent; a Shepheard, and so insolent?

Mac.

Mu. No Shepheard I, but a worthy Prince.
Kin. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Mu. Yes Princely borne; my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
Kin. What *Mucedorus*? Welcome to our Court:
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguiſde?
Mu. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence,
But this; deſiring thy Daughters vertues for to ſee,
Diſguiſde my ſelfe from out my fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any, in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neere to death:
So hath your Daughter my partaker been,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large:
Deſiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne, and ſoueraigne of my life:
Then ſhall I thinke my trauels are well ſpent.
Kin. With all my heart: but this,
Segaſto claymes my Promiſe made to fore,
That he ſhould haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Counſell, when we came from Warre.
Segaſto, may I craue thee let it paſſe,
And giue *Anadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing;
And what I may to furniſh vp their rites,
With pleaſing ſportes and paſtimes, you ſhall ſee.
Kin. Thankes good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Mu. Thankes good my Lord; and while I liue,
Account of mee in what I can, or may.
Am. And good *Segaſto*, theſe great courteſies,
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you Maiſter; bones, what haue you done?
What, giuen away the Wench you made me take ſuch paines
for? you are wiſe indeed: Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my ſelfe: fayth Maiſter, now we may goe
to breakfaſt with a Woodcock-pie.
Seg. Goe ſir, you were beſt leaue this knauerie.
Kin. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt day

That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valencia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combining knot.

A ſhout within. Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſhout was that?

Meſ. My Lord, the great *Valencia* King
Newly arriued, intreates your preſence.

Alu. My Father?

King A. Prepared welcomes; giue him entertainement:
A happier Planet neuer raigned then that,
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valencia, Anſelmo, Rodrigo, Barchow, with others, the King runnes and embraces his Sonne.

King V. Riſe honour of my age, food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mightie King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour, ſo compeld by Nature,
That manners ſtood vnknowledged.

King A. What we haue to recite, would tedious proue.
By declaration; therefore in, and feaſt:
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine,
What Words conceale; till then, Drummes ſpeake, Belles ring,
Giue plauſiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedie and Enuie.

Com. How now *Enuie*? What, bluſheſt thou alreadie?
Peepe foorth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with a courage, prayſe a Womans deedes:
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldſt doe me no hurt,
Although thou ſeemeſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turned vpſide downe thy blocks,
And made thy ſelfe to ſtumble at the ſame.

Enu. Though ſtumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my heart to mildneſſe:
Yet muſt I needes confeſſe, thou haſt done well,
And playd thy part, with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this, yet canſt thou not conquere mee,
Although this time thou haſt got;
Yet not the Conqueſt neither:

A dow-

A double Reuenge, another time Ile haue.
Com. *Enuie*, ſpit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue; create new fallacies,
Teame from thy Wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe blood and thoughts haue twins conception:
Studie to act deedes yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue Monſters in the moldes of Men;
Caſe vicious Diuels vnder ſancted Rochets:
Vnhaſpe the Wicket where all periureds rooſt,
And ſwarme this Ball with treaſons; doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hel-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blind that glorie, where I wiſh delight.
Enu. I can, I will.
Com. Neffarious Hagge, begin,
And let vs tugge, till one the maſtrie winne.
Enu. *Comeus*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall, my Comick merriment.
Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie; thou art too weake:
Speake Fiend, as how?
Enu. Why thus;
From my foule Studie will I hoyſt a Wretch,
A leane and hungry Neager Canniball:
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eyes, with chawing Malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to'th purpoſe?
Enu. This ſcrambling Rauen, with his needie Beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedie,
Wherein ſhall be compoſ'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines.
And euery other where, place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe, ſhall more torment then blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker then Lightning)
Will flie me to a puiſant Magiſtrate,
And waighting with a Trencher, at his backe,
In midſt of iollitie, rehearſe thoſe gaules,
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theator:
He vpon this, cannot but make complaint,

To your great danger, or at least restraint.
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly;
This is a trap for Boyes, not Men, nor such,
Especially desertfull in their doinges,
Whose stay'd discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction, doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see; the weary Sunne for rest
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide; and euer shine,
As *Dauids* of-spring, in his happy Clime.
Stoope *Enne* stoope, bow to the Earth with mee,
Lets begge our Pardons on our bended knee. *They kneele.*
Enn. My Power has lost her Might; *Ennus* date's expired.
Yon splendant Maiestie hath feld my sting,
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*
Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance, *Ennus's* stroken dumbe,
And all bad thinges, cease operation;
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your Gracious view,
And weele endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your sensesin a choyser straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of Night;
Whose spangled carkasse, would for your delight,
Striue to excell the Day; be blessed then:
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.
Enn. Amen,
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest;
Liue still more happie, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.

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